

THE CAMBRIDGE  
COMPANION TO  
VIRGINIA WOOLF

EDITED BY  
SUE ROE  
AND  
SUSAN SELLERS



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# I

ANDREW MCNEILLIE

## Bloomsbury

The entry on Virginia Woolf in the old *Dictionary of National Biography*, a piece by David Cecil (who married a daughter of the Bloomsbury Group), speaks of ‘the shimmering felicities of her style’ and concludes that in her work ‘the English aesthetic movement brought forth its most exquisite flower’.<sup>1</sup> In such light, where the language of biography trespasses upon eulogy and teeters floridly towards obituarese, we might recall how Woolf’s father, Leslie Stephen, the *DNB*’s founding editor, pursued a policy of ‘No flowers by request’ when briefing his contributors.<sup>2</sup> Stephen died in 1904. The incumbents at the dictionary in Cecil’s day were obviously more relaxed about floral arrangements. They let him get away with not just a flower (a Wildean lily?) but a whole bouquet. For what after all is or was the *English* aesthetic *movement*? To put the question is not to suggest that there are no lines of relation between the diverse stock of, say, John Ruskin, Walter Pater, and Oscar Wilde, and that of a no less diverse Bloomsbury Group. Rather it is to ask what is the nature of that relation? If it is at all important, how important is it in the cultural formation of Bloomsbury?

For present purposes let us take Bloomsbury to include, but not always or equally to involve: the novelists Virginia Woolf (1882–1941) and E. M. Forster (1879–1970); the literary journalist Desmond MacCarthy (1877–1952); the critics Roger Fry (1866–1934, also a painter) and Clive Bell (1881–1964); the biographer and essayist Lytton Strachey (1880–1932); the painters Duncan Grant (1885–1978) and Vanessa Bell (1879–1961, Virginia Woolf’s sister); the political writer and worker, publisher and autobiographer Leonard Woolf (1880–1969); and the economist John Maynard Keynes (1883–1946). To give an example specifically concerned with aesthetics, Clive Bell’s book *Art* (1914), a radical formalist polemic, owes more, and acknowledges its debt, to the writings of the Cambridge philosopher G. E. Moore and to Roger Fry than it can begin to be said to owe to Pater, or to Wilde (with whom its thought is considerably

at odds), while its Ruskinian legacy is more pervasive than is perhaps generally appreciated. Yet Forster would declare that he believed in art for art's sake, alluding to Wilde in what English readers might regard as 'eighteen-eighties' language, rather than a more Bloomsburyan formulation.<sup>3</sup> The phrase 'art for art's sake' – as *l'art pour l'art* – derives from nineteenth-century France.<sup>4</sup> Whatever else informs it (including Pater's Hellenism and Roman religion) 'English aestheticism' of the 1880s is significantly French in derivation. This is not a tradition to which Bloomsbury belongs in any direct sense. Paterian theories certainly acted as a stimulant in the formation of Woolf's ideas of art and beauty. So later did aspects of Moore's distinctly Platonic philosophy. (His Socratic methodology too was mediated to her in imitations by her male friends, as we will see later.) But we look elsewhere, to Woolf's extensive, independent reading in Plato, her fascination with 'Greek', for another grounding to her aesthetic values (prior, as far as Bloomsbury is concerned, if consanguineous) and for the Socratic roots to many of her most deeply held humane beliefs, concerning sexuality, androgyny and personal relations.

Movements are active fictions, involving differences as well as difference, whether formed by minorities or majorities, and even when highly disciplined and organised into political parties. But it is more than doubtful that there was ever anything that might truly be described as an English aesthetic movement, extending from Pater to Woolf, still less, as we have seen, a specifically English aesthetic. Was Oscar Wilde ever an Englishman? Was Théophile Gautier? Was Immanuel Kant? Pater was of Dutch descent. And were even the members of Bloomsbury English? Desmond MacCarthy was descended from Ireland. Leonard Woolf was a Jew. Duncan Grant and the mother of the Stracheys were Scottish aristocrats ('Is Mary Garden in Chicago still / And Duncan Grant in Paris – and me fou?') wrote Hugh MacDiarmid, making ironic waves for his Scottish renaissance, in 'A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle', 1926).<sup>5</sup> And while Roger Fry certainly was English, his contempt for the philistinism of his compatriots was only equalled by the passion of his francophilia. Otherwise, we might just say, Bloomsbury was in origin Victorian and by acculturation securely British upper-middle class, if in more cases than Fry's alone conspicuously francophile, especially with regard to the visual arts. (Beyond the visual arts, Gautier and Baudelaire can scarcely be said to have concerned them; though Mallarmé and Proust, belatedly, did.)

Among the Bloomsbury group's forebears and relations were noted opponents of slavery, belonging to the Clapham Sect,<sup>6</sup> lawyers and civil

servants, members of the judiciary, agents of Empire, Cambridge dons, Quakers, manufacturers of chocolate, coal-owning huntin'-shootin'-and-fishin' self-styled gentry,<sup>7</sup> at least one eminent Victorian agnostic, but not for generations a peasant, and never it seems a proletarian. Bloomsbury was neither an organisation nor self-consciously a movement (or part of a movement), still less a political party, which is not to say it had no politics. It did not organise itself, though for periods some of its members edited and or owned influential organs (e.g. *Nation & Athenaeum*, eventually absorbed into the *New Statesman*).<sup>8</sup> It had no manifesto, notwithstanding at least one attempt to claim *Art* as a platform for the group cause.<sup>9</sup> Whatever else it was, it was a group of friends, held together by ties of marriage and affection. It placed great emphasis on 'personal relations': 'personal relations are the important thing for ever and ever, and not this outer life of telegrams and anger', wrote Forster, and, more famously, 'if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country'.<sup>10</sup> This is a position regarding patriotism that Woolf, in her feminist polemic *Three Guineas* (1938), radically took further, into the realms of telegrams and anger, in sisterly solidarity, with regard to women and war, much to the embarrassed disapproval of her Bloomsbury friends. She certainly thought women should either weep or unite<sup>11</sup> and withhold their co-operation from the male-run state intent on war – it was a perilous hour at which to go public with so radical a view. Nor for a moment was it appeasement she had in mind (it is important always to make this clear). In *Three Guineas* Woolf offended Bloomsbury's rationalism, by which they set such store. They had otherwise discovered their version of patriotism (a word so close to patriarchy), in the face of rising fascism (which in 1937 had killed Woolf's nephew in a tragic incident during the Civil War in Spain).<sup>12</sup>

The issues raised by *Three Guineas* were highly serious, on both sides, but Bloomsbury, however 'highbrow', was quite commonly conceived as wanting seriousness, as being frivolous. Privilege and frivolity in public life may always make a provoking sight. Bloomsbury enjoyed the potent privileges of their class, if not always as tangibly as they would have liked, however much they warred within and against that class. Raymond Williams has most accurately described them as a dissenting 'fraction' of the upper class, a civilising fraction.<sup>13</sup> Their heightened sense of 'difference' in this respect wasn't so readily visible to others, though their works betrayed it amply (consider for example Clive Bell's pamphlet *Peace at Once*, 1914, destroyed by the authorities, or the tenor of his book *On British Freedom*, 1923; or J. M. Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, 1919; or Leonard Woolf's radical condemnation of imperialism in

*Empire & Commerce in Africa*, 1920). Bloomsbury were serious but not serious in the overwhelming style of such acquaintances as Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Fabian socialists prepared to have their heads turned by Stalin). They believed in laughter. (Laughter, in all its registers, from cruel to merry, resounds in Woolf's work, not least in her diary and letters.) Laughter, it should be said, satirical and otherwise, plays a key and provocative role in Bloomsbury aesthetics, as satire does more generally in modernism. In Bloomsbury's case it may be related in part to the ethos of the Cambridge Apostles and their concern, as described by Henry Sidgwick, 'to understand how much suggestion and instruction may be derived from what is in form a jest – even in dealing with the gravest matters'.<sup>14</sup> It would be a naive reader who believed that Strachey's purpose in *Eminent Victorians* (1918) isn't profoundly serious, for all the witty tricks he plays with the genres of history and biography. In a far more flamboyant and fanciful case, the same can be said of Woolf's *Orlando: A Biography* (1928). (The practice of the 'new' biography, of the biographical essay, and of the autobiographical memoir – life-writing as Woolf called it – were to one degree or another common across Bloomsbury. In many ways Bloomsbury ensured its continuity by recycling its life in common through the art of memoir.)<sup>15</sup>

When in the culture wars of the first half of the twentieth century Bloomsbury came under attack, as it commonly did, its enemy, whether (self-styled) Wyndham Lewis or F. R. Leavis in *Scrutiny*, or any number of others (including, famously, D. H. Lawrence), might at last be accused, in Quentin Bell's quaint rural expression, of 'firing into the brown'.<sup>16</sup> The challenge offered, as by Clive Bell, was for the enemy to target names, to relate charges to individuals. The same must apply to critics with regard to claims concerning the lives and works of the so-called Bloomsbury Group. Which is where the rub resides, the paradigmatic difficulty. How can we speak collectively of 'Bloomsbury' and make defensible sense? 'Only connect' was Forster's epigraph to *Howards End* (1910). Just as in the study of any other disparate cultural formation, or even a single author's *œuvre*, how to connect, and not compromise, is the commonsense task in hand here. (It is a minor irony that the most peripheral, yet still major, figure within Bloomsbury, E. M. Forster, is the one writer whose ideas critics are generally happiest to cite as representatively Bloomsburys.)

The most comprehensive literary historical attempt to grapple with the difficulty of connecting Bloomsbury is currently in process of being made by S. P. Rosenbaum, across a number of surprisingly extensive volumes.<sup>17</sup> These cover their ground by monarchical epoch: Victorian, Edwardian, and (as yet still in the writing) Georgian, in a minutely graded chronological



progression. Their scholarship is unequalled but their very methodology precludes the provision of a synoptic view, unless that is to be ventured in a final volume. This essay in their shadow offers the merest sketch of its subject, and from a very particular perspective. It hopes to provide, in an open and elastic, if brief, account, a helpful synopsis of the Bloomsbury mentalité, especially in so far as it concerns Virginia Woolf.

To do that, it is necessary to begin before Bloomsbury was anything but a name on the map of London. For present purposes perhaps the most convenient place and point in time at which to make such a start is in Kensington, London, in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (an event viewed in procession, by Woolf and her siblings, from a vantage-point at St Thomas's Hospital).

### Before Bloomsbury

The Stephen family, and Duckworth step-family, lived in Kensington, at 22 Hyde Park Gate. In 1897 their lives were still painfully shadowed by the death two years before of Stephen's second wife, Julia, *née* Jackson, *quondam* Duckworth, model-to-be for Mrs Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse* (1927). A woman of noted 'beauty', descended from the upper but also from the artistic echelons of Victorian society (the pioneering photographer Julia Margaret Cameron was her aunt), Julia Stephen was a devoted wife and mother. The tragedy of her death was to prompt her daughter Virginia's first mental breakdown. Julia seems to have worn herself out prematurely in devotion to her family and, through good works, to the service of others less favourably circumstanced (she was the author of *Notes from Sick Rooms*, 1883, as well as a number of stories for the diversion of her children). In her abnegating and caring way, she had been especially adept at the management of her husband's palpably thin-skinned ego, a role bequeathed to her Duckworth daughter, Stella, and to Virginia's older sister Vanessa. Stella was now, in 1897, herself shortly to die, of peritonitis, under the surgeon's knife. It was a most grievous death hard upon her marriage and it redoubled the misery at Hyde Park Gate, deepening the 'Oriental gloom' that had begun with Julia's death.<sup>18</sup>

The phrase 'Oriental gloom' might serve to prompt us, in the present shorthand, and with Bloomsbury's decorative aesthetics in mind, to consider the general gloom of Victorian domesticity: gaslit and darkly furnished with cumbersome pieces from William Morris's repertoire, and the staggeringly lifeless painting of G. F. Watts, as found at No. 22.<sup>19</sup> (The Pargiters' home in Abercorn Terrace, in the 1880 opening chapter of Woolf's novel *The Years*, 1937, evokes such a world, as more directly do

Woolf's memoirs '22 Hyde Park Gate' and 'A Sketch of the Past'. A similar scene is described in Lytton Strachey's 'Lancaster Gate', an essay which begins, with appropriate emphasis upon the gulf between generations: 'The influence of houses on their inhabitants might well be the subject of a scientific investigation . . . Our fathers, no doubt, would have laughed at such a speculation'.<sup>20</sup> As to that despotic 'Oriental' itself, we might also pick up in passing an intriguing interest of Julia Stephen: Thomas de Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* (1822).

This wonderful classic of Romanticism, a text claimed for modernism in French translations by Baudelaire,<sup>21</sup> is a drug addict's account of life both down and out and high, in London and elsewhere. According to Woolf it was also one of her mother's favourite bedside books. What in De Quincey's confessional might attract a respectable Victorian lady of Julia Stephen's probity? We might suppose (though the Stephen family were dyed-in-the-wool Thackerayans), that it was the proto-Dickensian, transparently humane elegist to the street-life companionship of Ann that enthralled and compelled her interest, and not, surely, so much as the slightest tincture, even by proxy, of the drug itself? (For that you must turn to Mr Carmichael, the somewhat anachronistic emergent war poet in *To the Lighthouse*, with the tell-tale yellow stains in his beard; De Quinceyan aesthetics are in fact central to the 'Time Passes' section of that novel.) Indeed, De Quincey was a writer on whom Woolf wrote at some length (her essay 'Impassioned Prose' was composed as she simultaneously worked at *To the Lighthouse*).<sup>22</sup> One of her earliest published articles, and one of her longer pieces at this time, 'The English Mail Coach' (1906), is about him.<sup>23</sup> He is at least as important to her aesthetics as Walter Pater on whom she only ever comments briefly in passing. In fact the most extensive of her few published observations on Pater occurs in 'The English Mail Coach', which ends in praise of De Quincey's rapid and reverberating style, a style incapable of being groomed to suit a Paterian sentence, or tamed and housed in a Paterian architecture. Woolf's father also wrote a study of De Quincey, describing him as being 'like the bat, an ambiguous character, rising on the wings of prose to the borders of the true poetical region'.<sup>24</sup> But then Stephen, alpinist extraordinaire, conqueror of the Shreckhorn (and celebrated as such in a poem by Thomas Hardy), was a post-Romantic Victorian, a Wordsworthian, if of Whiggish cast, as well as, paradoxically, given Wordsworth's religious belief, the post-Darwinian author of *An Agnostic's Apology* (1893).<sup>25</sup>

Stephen was a prolific and formidably accomplished man, if not the genius he had wanted to be, and, for all the reductive rhetoric so often couched

against him, an attractive figure, in his liberalism and hard-thinking scepticism, and the passion with which he held what were in those days controversial views, sufficient to cost a conscientious man his living as a Cambridge don. He resigned his fellowship for which he had been ordained on acknowledging that he did not believe, and never had believed, in the literal truth of the Bible. Anyone doubting Stephen's passion and its humanity should read his pamphlet *The Times on the American War* (1865), or, more accessible, consider the letter from America he wrote to Anne Thackeray in 1868.<sup>26</sup> As befitted a descendant of the abolitionist Clapham Sect, he held the Southern cause in sharp contempt. Stephen was admired by women, and played manipulatively to their admiration. He was revered and loved by male friends from, to focus upon the literary, George Meredith to Thomas Hardy and Henry James. He knew and was respected by all the great literati of his day: Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, George Eliot, Alfred Tennyson, Anthony Trollope. But he was not just a literary man, successor to his one-time father-in-law, the novelist Thackeray, as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*; a biographer and a literary historian, he also had philosophical ambitions. He was an ardent disciple of J. S. Mill and an historian of the utilitarian philosophers, as well as the failed exponent of *The Science of Ethics* (1882, the year of Virginia Woolf's birth).

It is important to bear these matters in mind if we are to begin to understand the intellectual ambience at Hyde Park Gate, and to do any kind of justice to Stephen, or to the profoundly ambivalent love his daughter bore him, and the ineradicable esteem in which she held him, throughout her life, for all that in his last years he became an emotional bully and domestic tyrant, one whom she, in the last years of her life, would excoriate in her memoir, 'A Sketch of the Past'. The household Stephen presided over, we should note, was by now one in which his stepson George Duckworth, a somewhat dim-witted and sentimentally 'well-meaning' socialite, might impose upon Virginia, already traumatised by a multitude of griefs, late-night sexual fumbblings as she lay in her bed, and other equally unwanted diversions as her social chaperone, criticising her manners and her choice of clothes, with who knows what consequences for her social self-assurance and sexuality? 'I shrink from the years 1897-1904,' wrote Woolf in 'A Sketch of the Past', 'the seven unhappy years.'<sup>27</sup>

In 1897 Adeline Virginia Stephen celebrated her fifteenth birthday (on 25 January) and had just begun (3 January) to keep a diary.<sup>28</sup> This almost daily shorthand record of the year reveals its author's great humour and resilience in the midst of the little comedy, and greater tragedy (as now

Stella dies), of life at Hyde Park Gate. But of more immediate interest here, in mapping the years before Bloomsbury, is the account the 1897 diary provides of her literary education or, more accurately, the extent of her uncommon common reading. Her booklist is monumental: Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Henry James, W. E. Norris form the lighter part of it (and mark the beginnings of the uncanonical catholicity of her subsequent critical career, something characteristic also of her father's critical output). The more forbidding works and authors consumed, eminent Victorians furnished by her father, include: Mandel Creighton's *Queen Elizabeth*, Froude's life of Carlyle, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, *Life of Sterling*, and *Reminiscences* (for the second time), Sir James Stephen's *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, Lockhart's life of Scott ('my beautiful Lockhart') in ten volumes, Macaulay's history of England. Stephen escorts her to Cheyne Row to visit Carlyle's house. They walk together in Kensington Gardens almost daily. He tells her stories about Macaulay 'and various old gentlemen'. At night he reads to the family, from Thackeray's *Esmond*, Scott's *Antiquary*, Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, or recites Wordsworth, Tennyson, Arnold, Meredith. Only once or twice do we glimpse the parent prone to tantrums, with whom we may already be familiar in the guise of Mr Ramsay, as when a reading of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* goes wrong and almost ends in the middle 'furiously'. In October she attends classes in Greek and History at King's College, London. The history lessons, for which she had to write essays, seem to give way by early 1898 to a diet of Greek from Dr George Warr (a founder in 1877, note the terminology, of the 'Ladies Department' at King's) and later that year of Intermediate Latin, consisting, if we can trust to her account, of reading Virgil under the guidance of Clara Pater, Walter Pater's sister. (She was acquainted with both Paters socially.)

In the next year her older brother Thoby left his public school, Clifton College in Bristol, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and so began to filter into Hyde Park Gate news of embryonic Bloomsbury and its undergraduate life. In 1902 we find Woolf beginning private lessons in Greek with Janet Case, lessons resumed in 1903, but not in 1904, the year of Leslie Stephen's death, a momentous year in which the Stephen children moved, from the London borough of Kensington to set up home in the then markedly shabbier district of Bloomsbury. Greek had become Woolf's 'daily bread, and a keen delight' (*L1*, p. 35). It was a subject she could share with her brother Thoby. Her studies in it were to continue throughout her life, often with great practical intensity, as she made translations and notes, reading and re-reading the poets, philosophers and dramatists in the production of such essays as 'The Perfect Language' and, more important,

‘On Not Knowing Greek’,<sup>29</sup> as well as otherwise, in service of her thought and writing. Greek became a marker for her, a gendered trope (just as for another student of Greek, the autodidact Thomas Hardy, it may be seen as a class trope). It is a figure, for example, resurgent in *Three Guineas*, pointing up the educational privileges afforded her brothers and male peers, especially those now embarked on life at Cambridge – Cambridge being, as we should know, the university to which Virginia Woolf did not go, an ambivalent matter for her, of both pride and grievance.

### ‘Embryo’ Bloomsbury and after

In the jargon of the elite Cambridge Conversazione Society or Apostles, an ‘embryo’ was a candidate for election; an ‘abortion’ a failed candidate. Candidates were observed by active Society members and were either oblivious or only solipsistically hopeful of their candidature. Leonard Woolf once read a paper to the Apostles entitled ‘Embryos or Abortions?’<sup>30</sup> The gynaecological terminology is revealing. We are in the domain here of the English public school male, if at the priggish and intellectual rather than the hearty end of the spectrum. There were usually no more than six or seven active Apostles at any one time. Departed brethren or ‘angels’ maintained links with the Society, often quite closely. The Apostles played an important part in the formation of Bloomsbury: Fry, MacCarthy and Forster, of the older generation, Woolf, Strachey and Keynes, of the younger, were all members. There were no women Apostles. Nor was the Society an avowedly political one (something Leonard Woolf was deeply inclined to question),<sup>31</sup> though there certainly came to be more than one or two notoriously politically active members in the 1930s. In tenor like Cambridge itself, as distinct from Oxford, the Apostles were unworldly. (They wrote the name of the other place with a disdainful lower case ‘o’.) Even Leslie Stephen in his time was deemed to be too much the muscular Christian to pass through the eye of the Apostolic needle. His son Thoby (Woolf’s adored brother, nicknamed the ‘Goth’) was also debarred, as was the *parvenu* Clive Bell, a figure in many ways far more adventurous intellectually than some of his closer Cambridge friends, at least in his earlier years, above all in his interest in modern painting.<sup>32</sup> The visual arts were largely a blind spot in Apostolic discourse. Nor did music feature much, except in a cult for German *lieder*, as rendered occasionally by G. E. Moore, and a certain fashionable interest in Wagner.

All non-Apostles (the rest of us) were referred to by the elect as ‘phenomena’ (echoing Kant), benighted persons living in unenlightened unre-

ality, like denizens of Plato's cave. The Society itself dates back to 1820, when it was founded as an undergraduate discussion club. Little by little it evolved into a semi-secret kind of 'freemasonry of the intellect', as Quentin Bell has called it.<sup>33</sup> The poet Tennyson and his friend Hallam were Apostles. There are arcane allusions to the Society in *In Memoriam* (1850 – begun in 1833), Tennyson's elegy to Hallam. Homoerotic (and, certainly under Lytton Strachey's influence, actively homosexual) friendship was an inevitable if unproclaimed feature of Apostolic life. (The fateful shadow of the law and of Oscar Wilde certainly falls upon Bloomsbury here.)

Celebrated historic figures like Plato, Aristotle, and Bishop Berkeley, unfortunate enough never to attend Cambridge, whether before or after 1820, were granted honorary Apostolic status. So Leonard Woolf could begin another of his Saturday night papers to the Society:

Our brother Plato tells us that this world with its changing and fickle forms of things, with its false justice, false morality, false Education and false government is a gloomy fire-lit cave, wherein men sit bound prisoners guessing at these shadows of reality and boasting that they have found the Truth. Outside blaze the clear sun and the wide world of Reality and only the man who has struggled up the narrow path and looked upon the sun can hope to set in order the chaos of the cave.<sup>34</sup>

If Plato was a haunting presence for the Apostles, so too was the German philosopher Immanuel Kant. Apostolic jargon has been described as 'a neo-Kantian argot'.<sup>35</sup> G. E. Moore, by the turn of the century about to become the most powerfully influential figure in the Society, had written a fellowship thesis on Kant – a philosopher important to Romanticism and the formulation of subsequent aesthetic theory, whether as appropriated by Coleridge, or as misrepresented by Henry Crabb Robinson, De Quincey, and others<sup>36</sup> – and Kantian loyalties figure in Moore's 1899 contribution to *Mind*, 'The Nature of Judgement'. Roger Fry's preface in 1912 to the Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition would allude to Kant's definition of the proper object of aesthetic emotion, and Desmond MacCarthy in the same year would publish an essay on 'Kant and Post-Impressionism',<sup>37</sup> thus perhaps reminding us of at least some of the connections between modernist and Romanticist aesthetics and subjectivities.

It was as a commonsense philosopher that Moore left his mark within the analytical tradition. But he was earlier to be celebrated for his philosophical realism, for liberating not just Bertrand Russell (another Apostle) but Cambridge philosophy itself from the trammels of neo-Hegelian thought, and, particularly, of Berkeleyan idealism. It was Russell who persuaded Moore, a classicist, to take up the study of philosophy

(perhaps this background explains Moore's penchant for Plato). In 1897 Moore subscribed to such neo-Hegelian ideas as the unreality of time. But, as we have seen, by 1899 he had exchanged such idealism for realism and, with Russell for a convert to his cause, he had begun his onslaught on the Hegelian tradition. Most immediately at stake at Cambridge was the neo-Hegelianism pursued by J. E. McTaggart (another Apostle and a former schoolfellow of Roger Fry; and one whom, Moore notwithstanding, Virginia Woolf would read in 1936, remarking as she did so her surprise at discovering 'how interesting mystic Hegelianism is to me') (*L6*, p. 6). Moore knocked McTaggart from his predominant position in Cambridge philosophy. According to Russell, Moore found the Hegelian philosophy inapplicable to chairs and tables, while Russell found it inapplicable to mathematics: 'with a sense of escaping from prison,' wrote Russell, employing all but a Platonic trope, 'we allowed ourselves to think that the grass is green, that the sun and stars would exist if no one was aware of them'.<sup>38</sup>

But when Moore wrote his paper 'A Refutation of Idealism', published in 1903, it was Bishop Berkeley he sought to contradict. Berkeleyan ideas about being and perception open Forster's *The Longest Journey* (1907), a novel, we should note, that bears an Apostolic dedication: '*Fratribus*'. (Forster never fell under Moore's Socratic spell as others did; he was of an earlier Apostolic generation and remained, as ever, elusively his own man, although we know he read Moore's paper on Idealism, and he would later attest to losing his Christianity in part through Moore's influence.) There are local effects in *The Longest Journey*, for example, in the opening pages where the Cambridge undergraduates discuss whether objects (in this case a cow) exist 'only when there is someone to look at them'; and profounder philosophical bases, linking the novel to Moore's paper.<sup>39</sup> In *To the Light-house*, Andrew's reported excursion on 'Subject and object and the nature of reality' with its injunction to 'Think of a kitchen table . . . when you're not there' is Berkeleyan too.<sup>40</sup> The example of a table is used in the account of Berkeley's philosophy by Leslie Stephen in his *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876), and Moore brings it into his 'Refutation', a paper which argues for the necessary co-existence of both objects and perceiving states of mind.

But the work that really impacted on the Apostolic undergraduates of 1903 was Moore's *Principia Ethica* (1903). This is the 'black volume of philosophy' read by Helen Ambrose in Woolf's first novel *The Voyage Out* (1915), from which the politician Richard Dalloway (slightly mis)quotes. "'Good, then, is indefinable'" he reads, and continues 'How jolly to think that's going on still! "So far as I know there is only one ethical writer,

Professor Henry Sidgwick, who has clearly recognised and stated this fact.” That’s just the kind of thing we used to talk about when we were boys. Whether we came to any conclusion – that’s another matter. Still, it’s the arguing that counts.’<sup>41</sup> His reflection that it is ‘the arguing that counts’ is truly, and ironically in the light of ‘when we were boys’, Moorean in spirit (though in any other context it could as reasonably be described as sounding like Kant). It is a like case with the sentence ‘the journey not the arrival matters’, as Leonard Woolf would later name a volume of his autobiography (1969); or with Virginia Woolf’s conclusion to her essay ‘How Should One Read a Book?’: ‘Yet who reads to bring about an end, however desirable? Are there not some pursuits that we practise because they are good in themselves, and some pleasures that are final?’<sup>42</sup> It is not hard to see how thinking of this kind expresses ideas of autonomy, of the work of art as autonomous, or of ‘significant form’, in Clive Bell’s (admittedly circular and self-justifying) version:

For either all works of visual art have some common quality, or when we speak of ‘works of art’ we gibber . . . There must be some one quality without which a work of art cannot exist; possessing which, in the least degree, no work is altogether worthless. What is this quality? What quality is shared by all objects that provoke our aesthetic emotions? What quality is common to Sta. Sophia and the windows at Chartres, Mexican sculpture, a Persian bowl, Chinese carpets, Giotto’s frescoes at Padua, and the masterpieces of Poussin, Piero della Francesca, and Cézanne? Only one answer seems possible – significant form. In each, lines and colours combined in a particular way, certain forms and relations of forms, stir our aesthetic emotions. These relations and combinations of lines and colours, these aesthetically moving forms, I call ‘Significant Form’; and ‘Significant Form’ is the one quality common to all works of visual art.<sup>43</sup>

The four key strands of argument in Moore’s *Principia* are: (i) that intrinsic goodness is an unanalysable concept and the word ‘good’, when used in this way, to mean a thing ‘good in itself’, is indefinable, like the colour yellow; (ii) that instead of one thing, the Utilitarians’ concept of ‘pleasure’ being good in itself, there is a plurality of things that are, and the most valuable of these are states of mind involving either the pleasures of human intercourse (Forster’s ‘personal relations’) or the enjoyment of beautiful objects; (iii) that the rightness of an action derives from the character of its consequences, which is a classic utilitarian idea, and one fundamental to the economic thought of J. M. Keynes, for example, especially in its emphasis upon the near future (regarding quantity theory in economics, Keynes would observe famously that ‘*In the long run we are all dead*’);<sup>44</sup>



(iv) Moore's version of idealism – that when we call a state of things 'ideal' we always mean to assert not only that it is good in itself, but that it is good in itself in a much higher degree than many other things.

It is clear, even put so summarily, that Moore and the Apostles were highly important for Bloomsbury's thought. But how precisely important were they for Virginia Woolf? Turning from Moore's pages to hers, it seems very hard to believe that so prosaic a philosopher (and Moore could be numbingly prosaic) can have been any kind of inspiration to Woolf. Her few comments on the experience of reading *Principia* may be summoned to support this view. But Woolf's voice in her letters, not least in her earlier correspondence where these comments are found, is intensely performative and recipient-specific in tone, and should not be lightly granted authority. We can't always take it that she 'means' what she says (and I mean that in a commonsense fashion). On the other hand, our wish to establish Woolf's intellectual seriousness, to retrieve her from the categories of mere 'impressionist' or of 'English aesthete', shouldn't throw us back upon a procrustean bed, there to lie forever locked in the wooden embrace of G. E. Moore, whatever his reputed charisma. There are far too many other factors in the case.

We should not pursue *Principia Ethica* to the exclusion, for example, of another 1903 publication associated with Cambridge, Jane Ellen Harrison's *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*. This classic work in anthropology was consumed widely in Bloomsbury (by Virginia Woolf and also, with especial interest, by Roger Fry who once, without evident irony, attributed to Harrison a 'really Apostolic mind').<sup>45</sup> When considering Woolf's development it would certainly be as much if not more to the point to consider the effect on her writing of her hellenic interests and, for that matter, her reading in Renaissance literature; or of the impact made by Eliot, or by Joyce and *Ulysses* (1922, read by Woolf in serial form from 1919), not to mention the examples of Dostoevsky, Chekhov, and Turgeniev. These last were writers on whom Woolf wrote, as she never wrote on Moore, and who were evidently of great importance to her on into the 1920s in the development of her psychological method (a method that also owed much historically to the late fictions of Henry James; and one which, in her view, distinguished her dramatically from Joyce). Woolf's 'realism' was also of a psychological kind.

Of course, if we are to read her fully, we need to loosen up and take an inclusive view in accounting for her poetics, so as to recognise, for example, the neo-Hegelian features in *The Voyage Out*,<sup>46</sup> and the intensely Paterian nature of the epiphany centred on Rachel's vision of the tree, towards the end of chapter 13, in the same novel. We need to acknowledge

firmly the presence of both Plato and Kant (however distorted in the latter case), imbricated in Woolf's post-Romantic thought, mediated by Coleridgean aesthetics, by Wordsworthian 'spots of time', by De Quinceyan 'involutives', also by Shelley's poetry (his version of Platonism). We must see these strands as intermeshed, unevenly and variously at different stages in her life, looping back now and again to be recycled through versions of Plato, incorporating post-impressionist theory amid echoes of Kant (to say nothing of the reverberations of Beethoven's late quartets).

Plato, it has to be said, was the philosopher Woolf read far more enthusiastically and extensively than ever she read Moore or any other philosopher. This should not surprise us: Plato was an especially literary writer (as far as the aesthetic goes, his republican's distrust of 'poetry' and the literary arts was long ago negotiated away); Moore, for all his Socratic presence, was an especially dry, analytic thinker, a philosopher's philosopher. We need to recognise Woolf's resistance, her difference, and admit her own trajectory, beyond Bloomsbury. We need to acknowledge in detail her own project, aesthetic, feminist and otherwise (her historicism and its twin commitment to contemporaneity, as notably in *The Years*, 1937), whether distinct in its particulars from 'Bloomsbury' or allied to something we can securely diagnose as Bloomsburys. We ought to observe, to offer just one out of a myriad possible examples, how as she read and made notes for her essay 'On Not Knowing Greek' she ran up an agenda that replenished and renewed her earlier studies, in ways that sought to link Greek and Elizabethan culture: 'Some Homer: one Greek play; some Plato; Zimmern; Sheppard, as text book; Bentley's *Life*. If done thoroughly, this will be enough . . . Then there's the *Anthology*. All to end upon the *Odyssey* because of the Elizabethans. And I must read a little Ibsen to compare with Euripides – Racine with Sophocles – perhaps Marlowe with Aeschylus' (*D2*, p. 196). We need also to admit how in creating Judith Shakespeare in *A Room of One's Own* (1929) and retrieving in her essays the lives of obscure (male and female) writers, she pursued a philosophy about literary history and canonicity far from alien to her father's thinking, arch-patriarch and demon that he may be in some critical agendas, and alien as he might be to Bloomsbury's brand of modernist thought. Woolf, as the revisionist moves in her essays and *A Room* show, believed in community; but she was an outsider, stranded: from democracy by history, class, and gender (all governing tensions at the heart of her work) and, in an existentialist sense, from community itself by the ultimately tragic intensity of her vision, her driven need.

## Bloomsbury

Bloomsbury began to come into being in 1904 following the death of Leslie Stephen, when the Stephen siblings moved to 46 Gordon Square. There, on Thursday nights, the younger generation of recent Cambridge graduates began to foregather. Unimpressed by their joint collection of poetry *Euphrosyne* (1905), and inclined to ridicule their overweening seriousness, Woolf at first tended to be sceptical about them. But they won her round and became, as it were, the student contemporaries she had otherwise been denied. The bond between them all grew closer in 1906 with the death, another tragic death, of Woolf's brother Thoby, for whom *Jacob's Room* (1922) is an ironic elegy. She described their encounters in her memoir 'Old Bloomsbury', recapturing the earnestnesses and awkwardnesses of the young men in pursuit of their favourite topics: 'beauty', 'good', 'reality':

It filled me with wonder to watch those who were finally left in the argument piling stone upon stone, cautiously, accurately long after it had completely soared above my sight. But if one could not say anything, one could listen. One had glimpses of something miraculous happening high up in the air. Often we would still be sitting in a circle at two or three in the morning. Still Saxon would be taking his pipe from his mouth as if to speak, and putting it back again without having spoken. At last, rumpling his hair back, he would pronounce very shortly some absolutely final summing up. The marvellous edifice was complete, one could stumble off to bed feeling that something very important had happened. It had been proved that beauty was – or beauty was not – for I have never been quite sure which – part of a picture.<sup>47</sup>

According to Quentin Bell, Woolf's essay was read to the Memoir Club in about 1922, the year in which the highly hellenic *Jacob's Room* appeared. The memoir's language of 'piling stone upon stone', of soaring out of sight, has strong echoes in 'On Not Knowing Greek', for which she began reading later that same year (and on which she was still working in 1924):

It is Plato, of course, who reveals the life indoors, and describes how, when a party of friends met and had eaten not at all luxuriously and drunk a little wine, some handsome boy ventured a question, or quoted an opinion, and Socrates took it up, fingered it, turned it round, looked at it this way and that, swiftly stripped it of its inconsistencies and falsities and brought the whole company . . . to gaze with him at the truth. It is an exhausting process . . . Are pleasure and good the same? Can virtue be taught? Is virtue knowledge? The tired or feeble mind may easily lapse as the remorseless questioning proceeds; but no one, however weak, can fail, even if he does not learn more from Plato, to love knowledge better. For as the argument mounts from step to step, Protagoras yielding, Socrates pushing on, what matters is not so much

the end we reach as our manner of reaching it. That all can feel – the indomitable honesty, the courage, the love of truth which draw Socrates and us in his wake to the summit where, if we too may stand for a moment, it is to enjoy the greatest felicity of which we are capable.<sup>48</sup>

It is interesting in these pieces not just to see the same transcendental figures in play, but also to recall the distorted echo of ‘what matters is not so much the end we reach as our manner of reaching it’ in Richard Dalloway’s ‘that’s another matter . . . it’s the arguing that counts’.

As to whether beauty is or is not part of a picture, Bloomsbury, though well served by Clive Bell on this score, had to await the arrival in their midst of Roger Fry and his first Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1910 (‘Manet and the Post-Impressionists’) to begin to pronounce in public polemical positions of their own (post-impressionism is a term coined by Fry for the occasion of the exhibition). The same year saw publication of Forster’s *Howards End*. His Schlegel sisters in that novel are based to some degree on Vanessa and Virginia Stephen. Their culture, literally, in the form of a falling bookcase, kills the working-class Leonard Bast – a type reconstituted, we might say, in an evolved form as Charles Tansley, and crushed if not killed in *To the Lighthouse*. Woolf’s provocative assertion that ‘on or about December 1910 human character changed’<sup>49</sup> comes from her later essay ‘Character in Fiction’ (1924), also reprinted as ‘Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown’, a watershed for Woolf in her war with those she called ‘materialists’: Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy who, like Gissing and also Meredith, were exponents for Woolf of impure fiction (the equivalent in literature of ‘descriptive painting’).<sup>50</sup> 1910 was also the year in which Edward VII died and George V came to the throne, and it signalled for Woolf the dawning of a new ‘Post-Impressionist age’<sup>51</sup> (Clive Bell referred to post-impressionism as ‘the contemporary movement’).<sup>52</sup> Up until 1910, ‘Bloomsbury’ can scarcely be said to have enjoyed or suffered a public profile, but now there began open conflict with the ‘philistine’ denizens of what Roger Fry liked to dismiss as ‘Bird’s Custard Island’.<sup>53</sup> Fry’s exhibition was a high modernist event, and together with its sequel in 1912 it has spawned an extensive literature. The ‘public’ were shocked, as they were earlier, in 1910, by the ‘Dreadnought’ Hoax.<sup>54</sup>

We might say that Bloomsbury first entered the public sphere on a battleship, then on a rocking horse, tilting at naturalism (for which also read Woolf’s ‘materialism’): ‘A good rocking-horse is more like a horse than the snapshot of a Derby winner’ wrote Desmond MacCarthy in his (anonymous) preface to the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition.<sup>55</sup> MacCarthy’s 1912 article in the *Eye-Witness*, ‘Kant and Post Impressionism’,

offers itself not as a review of the (second) exhibition but a review of the ‘prefaces’ to that exhibition. For our purposes, it provides a highly pertinent, and very convenient, synopsis of Kant’s theory of aesthetics as interpreted by MacCarthy:

Kant laid great stress on the immediacy of the aesthetic judgment and its disinterestedness. By immediacy he meant that beauty was a quality perceived as directly as a colour itself; and that no analysis could reconstruct or explain that impression. Aesthetic judgments were therefore not susceptible of proof, they could only be evoked; and therefore there could be no such thing as scientific criticism. Art criticism in the last resort could only point . . . By disinterestedness he meant that the aesthetic emotion is one entirely detached from a sense of the qualities of things as they appeal to the imagination, or to the moral or practical judgment. He distinguished between ‘free or disinterested beauty’ and ‘secondary beauty’, which is felt through the medium of associated ideas. He refused to call ‘secondary’ beauty, beauty – why I cannot think . . . he denied that the human face (he had not, of course, seen Picasso’s portrait of Buffalo Bill) could be beautiful in art, because the beauty of the human face must depend upon ideas, the idea of human qualities.<sup>56</sup>

MacCarthy saw that what Bell meant in his preface (on ‘The English Group’) by the term ‘significant form’ (a term so vital to the theories expounded in *Art*, a term too with marked Platonic associations) is what Kant meant by ‘free beauty’.<sup>57</sup> Bell asks, ‘How, then, does the Post-Impressionist regard a coal scuttle?’ and answers: ‘He regards it as an end in itself, as significant form related on terms of equality with other significant forms.’ For Bell the work of the post-impressionists is ‘plastic not descriptive’; it does not traffic in ‘secondary’ beauty or associated ideas.<sup>58</sup> MacCarthy also notes that (unlike Bell) Fry does not ‘deny that “secondary” or “romantic” beauty is a proper object for aesthetic emotion; but he gives it much less importance’.<sup>59</sup> MacCarthy himself argued for the presence of both kinds of beauty, if a painting is ‘to rank as magnificent work of art’.<sup>60</sup> Taken together, these different positions demonstrate how much we must discriminate and hesitate, at any given point of the group’s history, before referring to a ‘Bloomsbury’ aesthetic. How can we make any such reference on behalf of Woolf? In 1912 she was yet to publish her first novel (in 1915). Whatever its (great) strengths, they are not strictly formal, still less post-impressionist; and if her second novel *Night and Day* (1919) is intensely formal, its formality is more that of an English tea-table than of a still-life by Cézanne.

Woolf’s version of transcendental reality was hybrid, emphatically secular, yet also mystical. It is given perhaps its clearest critical expression in ‘A Sketch of the Past’, where she digresses ‘to explain a little of my own

psychology'.<sup>61</sup> Here she describes her experience in terms of 'being' and 'non-being' and of violent 'shocks' of recognition, one of which, concerning an intense epiphanic revelation (without revelation) centred upon a flower: "'That is the whole", I said. I was looking at a plant with a spread of leaves; and it seemed suddenly plain that the flower itself was a part of the earth; that a ring enclosed what was the flower; and that was the real flower; part earth; part flower.'<sup>62</sup> At first when she was young such shocks carried, she said, a painful burden. Later she recognised their usefulness and stored them as a resource for her writing. We might be content to class the example just given as Paterian, but it is the common stock of post-Romantic modernism with a far more extensive root system (as Frank Kermode has shown).<sup>63</sup> Woolf expands on the rapturous experience and supposes that 'the shock-receiving capacity'<sup>64</sup> is what makes her a writer. She has to explain the experience in writing. The shock or blow is 'a token of some real thing behind appearances', and here we discover a 'system' of thought that has nothing whatsoever to do with Pater:

at any rate it is a constant idea of mine; that behind the cotton wool is hidden a pattern; that we – I mean all human beings – are connected with this; that the whole world is a work of art; that we are parts of the work of art. *Hamlet* or a Beethoven quartet is the truth about this vast mass that we call the world. But there is no Shakespeare, there is no Beethoven; certainly and emphatically there is no God; we are the words; we are the music; we are the thing itself. And I see this when I have a shock.<sup>65</sup>

That 'thing itself' clearly echoes the Kantian *Ding-an-sich*, or thing-in-itself; although for Kant, emphatically, God was something more of a problem. But there's also a register here just a little reminiscent of McTaggart.<sup>66</sup> If Woolf recognised 1910 as the beginning of a new 'Post-Impressionist age', it would take a long period of gestation, as we have seen, before she could fully realise that age's aesthetic theories as a novelist. *To the Lighthouse* is the post-impressionist novel. In it Lily Briscoe stands at her easel as surrogate author, the question for her, as by peculiar analogy for Woolf, being 'one of the relations of masses, of lights and shadows . . . how to connect this mass on the right hand with that on the left',<sup>67</sup> a world away from the kind of 'descriptive painting' loved by Mr Banks. I say 'peculiar' because fiction is a linear verbal art, with a relatively direct (however ambiguous, however symbolic) semantic burden. The formalism of *To the Lighthouse* is at one level obvious, as is its epiphanic transcendentalism, as instanced in Lily's (Christian) 'It is finished'<sup>68</sup> near the novel's close. (On the eventual voyage to the lighthouse it is no coincidence either

that the 'little shiny book'<sup>69</sup> Mr Ramsay reads can be identified, though not within the pages of the novel itself, as being by Plato.)

But these elements are either obvious or can only be tied fairly superficially to post-impressionist theory and related ideas. Where a closer relation to post-impressionism may be discovered is, perhaps, in Woolf's psychological realism (as opposed to what she saw to be the impressionism of Joyce), in the perfection in this novel of her technique (worked at progressively through *Jacob's Room* and *Mrs Dalloway* and which owes much indirectly to Henry James) of multiple points of view, where we come very close to Cézanne and his use, in still life, of multiple perspectives, and perhaps also to a species of cubism. We maybe find it too in Woolf's synthesis of forms and genres.<sup>70</sup> Woolf was to regret her decision, in the end, not to dedicate her book to Roger Fry. We may similarly regret that she did not expand more directly, and in greater detail, upon what she saw to be the nature of her debt to him (even in her biography of Fry, she is evasive).

But Woolf always tended to prefer obliquity: it was part and parcel of her aesthetic to do so, and in the case of her novel obliquity is key ('I meant *nothing* by The Lighthouse. One has to have a central line down the middle of the book to hold the design together' she would spell out, with no little irony, to the formalist Fry) (*L3*, p. 385). The three panels of her triptych 'The Window', 'Time Passes', 'The Lighthouse' hang so, sideways-on to each other, their narrative lines suspended, bracketed, in parenthesis. In considering other modes and works – her essays; *The Pargiters* – Woolf had occasion to question what she called her 'sidelong' approach.<sup>71</sup> She put it down to her Victorian tea-table training (the angel of the house haunting her practice), thus showing her aesthetic to be, in some senses, the product of Victorian social conditioning: a kind of conforming good manners, expressing also, we should note, a hierarchy in which women fussed around men. None the less, she continued to believe more could be achieved by obliquity than by directly speaking out.

### After Bloomsbury?

By the 'dirty decade' of the 1930s 'Bloomsbury' began to seem redundant. Urgent political events in Europe, the march of fascism (against which Woolf – the wife of a Jew – campaigned, actively and in print), all conspired to make the Moorean contemplation of 'beautiful objects', and so on, a luxury no one could justify. (Woolf's work had already begun, from quite early in the decade, to show signs of fracturing, in a deep-structured response to these developments.) Keynes would tease the younger genera-

tion regarding the aesthetic in a famous memoir, 'My Early Beliefs', read to his Bloomsbury friends in 1938 (published in 1949, and too often, as by A. J. Ayer, taken for fact). He maintained that the undergraduates of 1903 'accepted Moore's religion . . . and discarded his morals'.<sup>72</sup> In short, they were hedonists, heedless of consequences, uninterested in the fifth chapter of *Principia*, 'On Ethics in relation to Conduct'.<sup>73</sup> This was an argument Leonard Woolf would resolutely contest in his autobiography. Even the hedonistic Clive Bell had, in *Art*, used Moore to frame a moral justification for the aesthetic. The irony of all this is that there was no greater 'consequentialist' than Keynes, as his response to the Treaty of Versailles, to Churchill's disastrous return to the gold standard, and, indeed, his own work at the Bretton Woods Conference in 1944, all show.

But for Quentin Bell as he sat listening to Keynes in the summer of 1938 it seemed Bloomsbury now had no future as anything but history.<sup>74</sup> As suggested earlier, the historical interpretation of Bloomsbury originally began from within. The first extended public manifestation of this was Virginia Woolf's life of Roger Fry, published in 1940, and the last of her books she would see to the press. Fry had died in 1934. But her biography of him could hardly embody the 'truth-telling' ideals that Bloomsbury sought to live by.<sup>75</sup> Too many of her *dramatis personae* were still alive. Those ideals would have to wait in the wings to be revived by future biographers, led by Michael Holroyd in his 1967–8 two-volume, distinctly not 'new-biographical' account of Lytton Strachey (who had died in 1932). Virginia Woolf committed suicide in 1941. She is now a cultural icon, a figure as immediately recognisable in western intellectual culture as Van Gogh. As far as her posthumous reception goes, she would largely wait until the 1970s to begin to find such strange celebrity. Quentin Bell's biography, the publication of her diaries and letters, and, not least, the challenge of deconstructive feminism, all coincided to enable her escape to a new eminence in the canon, from beneath the weight of (largely) male 'new criticism' and such views as we began with, in that Victorian monster of Stephen parentage the *Dictionary of National Biography*, where David Cecil so effusively pressed her, like a flower.

## NOTES

- 1 See the entry on Woolf, Virginia, in the *Dictionary of National Biography 1941–1950* (Oxford University Press, 1959), pp. 975–6.
- 2 Leslie Stephen founded the *DNB* at the invitation of the publisher George Smith (owner of the *Cornhill Magazine* of which Stephen was then editor) in 1882, the year of his daughter Virginia's birth. 'No flowers by request' was Alfred Ainger's